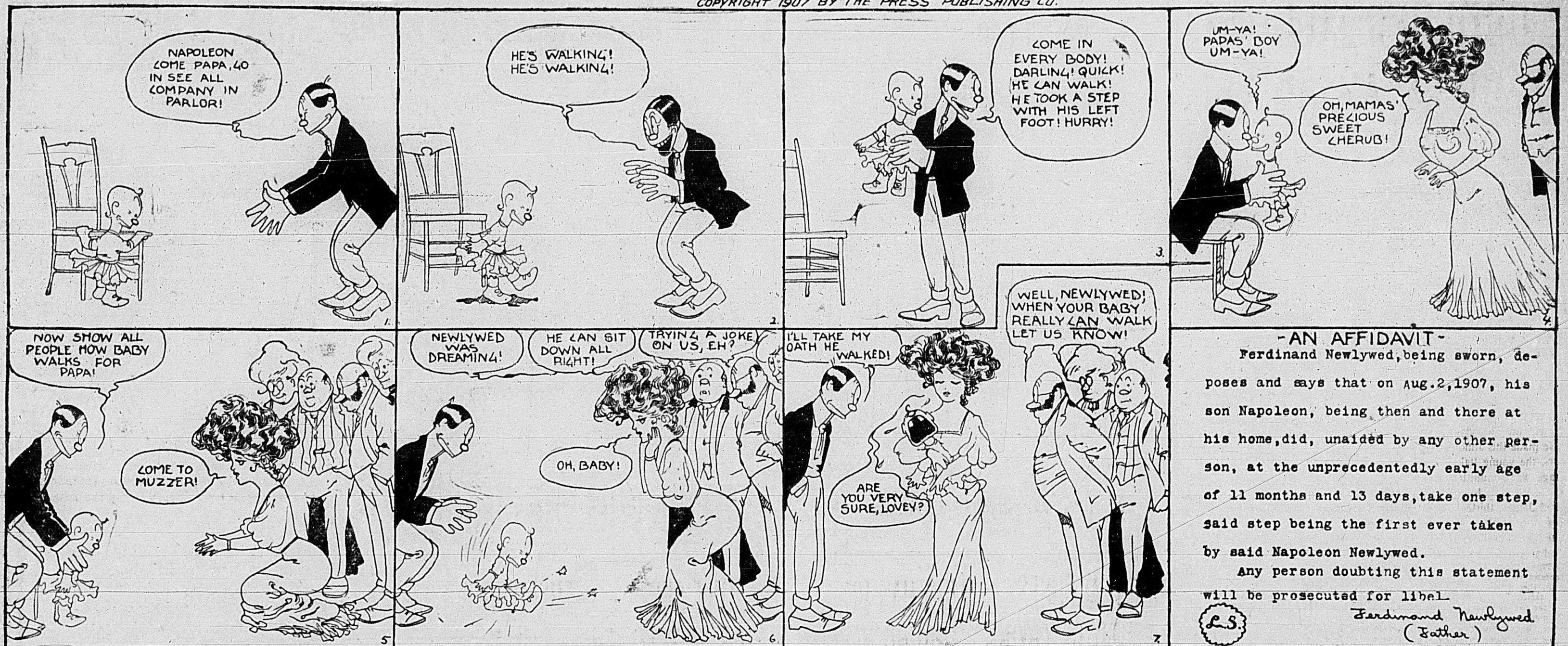


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DRAWN BY GEORGE M'HAUS.



-AN AFFIDAVIT-
Ferdinand Newlywed, being sworn, deposes and says that on Aug. 2, 1907, his son Napoleon, being then and there at his home, did, unaided by any other person, at the unprecedentedly early age of 11 months and 13 days, take one step, said step being the first ever taken by said Napoleon Newlywed.

Any person doubting this statement will be prosecuted for libel.

Ferdinand Newlywed
(Father)

MILLIONAIRE IS MOBBED AND HIS AUTO BURNED

S. B. Chapin, of Chicago, and Party Driven From Car by Farmers.

CHICAGO, Aug. 2.—Mobbed by farmers after their big touring car had accidentally run over a little boy, S. B. Chapin, millionaire Board of Trade member, and two women companions, one of whom was Mr. Chapin's wife, are said to have been driven from the automobile in the vicinity of Dearfield, Ill., forced to stand and look on while the big automobile was incinerated in a big bonfire that the farmers built under it, and then compelled to walk two miles through the country before they could find an accommodating driver who would take them to the Moraine Hotel. These statements were made by citizens at Dearfield yesterday to clear up the mystery of the destruction of a large touring car last Monday, about which little could be learned on account of the manner in which the owners of the car guarded the accident.

It was stated on good authority yesterday, however, that the occupants of the car were young Louis F. Swift, son of the millionaire packer, S. B. Chapin, member of the brokerage firm of S. B. Chapin & Co., with offices in the Stock Exchange building in Chicago and No. 67 Fifth avenue, New York; Mrs. Chapin and a young woman who has been visiting as a guest at the Chapin summer residence in Lake Geneva.

Yesterday it was said that after the enraged farmers burned the big automobile they jeered the members of the party, refused to furnish them a conveyance with which to return to their homes and declined to even sell a horse and vehicle at any price.

The running down of the boy is said to have been entirely accidental and unavoidable upon the part of the automobile party. It is said that as soon as the accident took place the automobilists stopped the car, returned to the spot where the boy lay and were prepared to do their best to help him, when they fell into the hands of the enraged farmers.

GOT INTO FLAT, BUT FAILED TO FIND WIFE THERE

Buckley Thought She Was Staying at the Home of Alfred Worsnop.

Expecting to take his wife by surprise and thereby secure evidence against her, and incidentally, make it interesting for the man whom he believed to be in her company, John Buckley, who lives in Sixty-fourth street, near Broadway, and his friend, Murray Rosenthal, of No. 618 East Eighty-eighth street, raised the window of the parlor in the flat of Alfred Worsnop, a public accountant, the evening of July 16 and entered the house.

The men were arraigned in different courts on the charge of unlawfully entering a house. Buckley was held in \$300 bail in the West Side Court to-day. Rosenthal was arrested and arraigned last week. He was held in \$200 bail in the Centre Street Court.

Mrs. Buckley Scorns Home.

Mrs. Marie Buckley is the cause of all the grief which has come to John and his sympathetic friend, Rosenthal. Early in July Mrs. Buckley, for reasons of her own, which the Court could not learn to-day, left her husband's flat and went to live with the Worsnops. Mr. Buckley instantly became suspicious. His reasoning finally alighting on Worsnop as the cause of his tribulations.

"Why else should she go to the Worsnops?" he confided to his friend, Murray Rosenthal. "I've always been good to her. Rosie, you know that. Just if she likes that fellow, Worsnop, anyhow."

Accordingly Buckley waited until the absence of his wife, and then he went to the house of the Worsnops and "knocked in." Rosie wasn't very strong for the proposition at first, but he figured that his life-long friend and ally, Alfred Worsnop, was in a bad way, and that it was up to him to see him out of it.

"All right, Jack," command me, I'm with you through thick and thin," he answered.

In the Worsnop Flat.

The pair arrived at the home of the Worsnops about 9 o'clock. Mr. and Mrs. Worsnop were in the sitting-room discussing one of the husband's business transactions of the day when Mrs. Worsnop heard a noise in the front of the house. She asked her husband to investigate.

Worsnop, unsuspectingly entered the dark front room. Before he had gone out of his wife's sight the two men, he alleged in court to-day, fell upon him and beat him. The wife screamed, and she was told to keep quiet. Worsnop got a view of the pair and then dashed upstairs to the room where he and his wife were sleeping, not seeing the object of their search escape through the front window, through which they had entered.

Rosenthal was arrested next day, but Buckley kept out of the way until Friday night. The wife was not in the Worsnop home at the time, but she believed Mr. Worsnop to be in the hands of the law, and admitted in court to-day. The case will come up in General Session.

Separation for a Month a Remedy for Divorce

Is a Suggestion by Sagacious "Battery Dan"

Love Will Return in That Time, If It Ever Existed, He Says—The Rich Divorce for Novelty, but Love Dies Hard With the Poor.

By Nixola Greeley-Smith.



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"A YEAR is a long time," said Magistrate "Battery Dan" Finn, gazing pensively at the end of the crimson tie cleaving his negligee shirt.

I had asked him what he thought of the plan of the Cincinnati judge who told a discordant married couple to live apart a year, so as to give the husband a chance to appreciate his home and to fall in love with his wife again.

"Lots of things can happen in a year," continued the New York Magistrate, "and a couple that can stay apart that length of time are not very much in love with each other."

"A month, now, is different. Of ten when I've had a quarrelling husband and wife before me, I've said to the girl:

"'He has to give you your money. Take it and don't see anything of him for a month. That will make him miss you, and he'll realize that he should have treated you better.'

TELLS THEM TO KISS AND MAKE UP.

"I reconcile 50 per cent. of the married couples that come before me," he added.

"How do you do it, and what do they quarrel about mostly?" I asked.

"What do they quarrel about?" echoed "Battery Dan." "Sometimes they don't know themselves. One night the husband comes home with a crank on. He criticizes the supper and the wife gets huffed. One word leads to another, and there's a row. I always say the same thing to them, and it nearly always succeeds.

"Go back a few years," I say, 'to the time when you thought well of each other, when it was a pleasure for you to be together and you looked forward to it all day long. Neither of you has changed since then. Come, now, kiss and make up.'

"And often," said the Magistrate, "they start to laugh and look at each

other, go off and talk a little while, withdraw the charges and go out of court hand in hand.

POOR MORE MORAL THAN THE RICH.

"It's easy to reconcile people when they love each other," continued the Magistrate, "and love dies hard among the poor. It's got to live sometimes, because it can't afford a funeral—I mean a divorce. Rich men like Corey can get divorces, but it takes a \$500 lawyer to get a divorce, and a poor man can afford only a \$2 lawyer.

"There's more happiness among the poor than among the rich," he added. "There's more morality on one block of my district than in whole fashionable sections of some cities I won't name.

"Love makes morality, and what does a man know about love who starts the morning by having his valet massage him, rolls downtown in a cab, cuts a few coupons and calls it a day?

"Of course, there are some useful rich men. I know some. And there are some that are all right except for the idea that their money can buy Judges, Legislatures, morality and happiness.

"Don't you think they have occasionally some justification for that belief?" I asked.

"No," said "Battery Dan," emphatically. "I do not. Such people don't know what morality and happiness mean.

RICH MARRY FOR NOVELTY AND DIVORCE.

"They marry for novelty, and get divorced for novelty.

"I don't believe in this novelty idea at all. If married persons can't get along together I believe they are better apart; but a man doesn't get a divorce usually because he can't live with one woman, but because he can't live without another.

"Women," continued the Magistrate, philosophically, "are easy enough to live with. I've lived with the same one for forty years. Of course," he continued, "there are exceptions; but the majority give a decent man, nothing to complain of.

"A good deal of the trouble I see is caused by drink. I don't blame a woman for leaving a drunken brute. It might be well to give him a year in which to reform, but in all other cases I think a month's separation is enough.

"If they have any love left for each other they realize it in that time. The woman relents, the man gets ashamed of himself.

"You see a girl with a blue eye on a black one, and the first thing you know you are in love with her, and decide that everything about her—mind, character, disposition—is just as perfect as those blue eyes.

"If you can keep on believing it after you are married, you're lucky. If you can't, you'd better make the best of what you have.

"And that's all the advice on matrimony I can give."

WOMAN ELECTROCUTED ON PIKE'S PEAK

COLORADO SPRINGS, Aug. 2.—At the Half-Way House, on Pike's Peak, yesterday, Mrs. Genevieve Halagrove, with wet hands, standing in water and holding to a wet iron washing machine, took hold of an incandescent lamp to turn off the light. She screamed and dropped dead. The current had passed through her arm and body.

LONGFORD MEN TO SAIL

Will Enjoy Annual Outing Up the Hudson To-Morrow.

The annual excursion of the County Longford Men's Association will start from the foot of West Thirty-fifth street at 11:30 A. M. to-morrow. The steamer Richmond and three large barges have been engaged for the trip up the Hudson to Forest View Grove. Bernard Reilly, Chairman of Arrangements has left nothing undone to give every one a good time.

MOTH MILLER TOOK EAR FOR A CAVE

Crawled Inside Mr. Meek's Head and Yelled to Hear the Echo.

Neither the learned man who has heard searulls talk nor the ingenious individual who makes fish understand him has anything on Roderick Meek, of No. 80 Clifton place, Brooklyn.

Mr. Meek to-day heard a moth miller speak. In addition he had a very unusual and unpleasant experience with one Mr. Meek is not a nature faker. He is a printer, and even if his veracity were not unimpeachable it is fully a dozen witnesses to corroborate at least a portion of his narrative. Among them are the surgeons of St. Gregory's Hospital, where he was a patient for some little time early to-day.

Mr. Meek was working near a window in one of the offices on West 142nd street when something struck his ear. He

"BIG TOM" FOLEY TO BE A REFEREE

He Will Be Under Powerful Guard at the Skenandoah Club's Outing.

Magistrate Walsh and his trusty followers to the number of 5,000 will take a day off next Monday to enjoy the outing and games of the Skenandoah Club, the Tammany organization of the Twenty-first Assembly District.

At 9 o'clock sharp the steamer Toltcheester with a fleet of barges will leave the pier at West One Hundred and Twenty-ninth street and steer to Wills' shore, where the great crowd will fall upon and devour everything eatable and drinkable at the famous outing resort.

When the Judges and his men are replete with the things that give life they will witness a death struggle between

FIREMAN DIES OF INJURY

Frederick Meserle Victim of Big Fire at Steeplechase Park.

Frederick Meserle, the fireman who was terribly injured in the Steeplechase Park fire last Sunday morning, died to-day in the Kings County Hospital. Meserle was thirty-five years old, single, and made his home with his parents at Remond's road and East 142nd street, Brooklyn.

On Sunday morning he responded with the first company, Engine No. 14, from West Eighth street, Coney Island, and was climbing a ladder when a well collapsed, burying him. When dug out it was found his skull was fractured.

WOMAN IN HOTEL YORK MYSTERY

EX-MRS. GARVAN

Was Formerly Wife of Brother of the Assistant District-Attorney.

The comely and richly gowned young woman who was arrested at the Hotel York last night and spent the night in a Mercer street station cell, charged with cashing worthless checks, is the divorced wife of John Garvan, a brother of District-Attorney Frank P. Garvan. She called herself Mrs. Hollingsworth, and begged that her real identity be not disclosed.

After she had been taken into custody charges multiplied against her, four separate complaints reaching Headquarters from hotels in this city. Then Newport was heard from. Chief of Police Crowley, of that town, notified Inspector McCafferty that "Mrs. Hollingsworth" was undoubtedly the "Mrs. Harrison" many moonshiners and hotel men in Newport were interested in to the extent of swearing out warrants.

Prisoner Becomes Excited.

When the handsome prisoner was taken to Police Headquarters to-day morning and notified that she would have to run the gantlet of the line-up she became excited. The detectives who had charge of her say that it was a splendid piece of acting. They believed she was suffering a dangerous attack of hysteria.

Two ambulance surgeons were summoned from St. Vincent's Hospital, and after working for half an hour managed to partially restore the young woman. She insisted on going to the hospital, but when she arrived there recovered on the threshold and said she was willing to go to court.

Corrigan in the West Side Court by Lieutenant Detective Adolph Blais. He made a short affidavit, in which he charged his pretty prisoner with swindling Raymond Hove, of Hove & Co., of \$100,000, out of \$75 by means of a worthless check. The charge was three months before the Garvan divorce charges dating back two months.

Detective Blais said that the hotels were notified to look out for the former Mrs. Garvan and notify the police immediately she arrived in the city. It was not known that she was in Newport spending money lavishly and running up big bills. Police Chief Crowley said that she and a young man were living at the Perry House, in Newport, as Mr. and Mrs. Harrison.

Pleads Not Guilty.

When "Mrs. Hollingsworth" heard the charge against her she pleaded not guilty and said that it was all a cruel mistake that would soon be rectified. She asserted that she had a large sum of money on deposit with the Van Norden Trust Company. Her lawyer, she said, would see that all the checks that were returned unpaid would be settled for.

When an Evening World reporter saw the young woman the detective asked her to positively deny that she was ever the wife of John Garvan.

She was held in \$500 bail by Magistrate Corrigan. The detective asked for a \$100,000 bond. If the complainants in this city failed to press the charges against her she would be held and sent on to Newport.

WOMEN FAINT IN PANIC IN GRAND CENTRAL STATION

Police Reserves Called Out to Quiet Disturbance Crazy Woman Creates.

A young woman, who said she was Madeline Nellis, was suddenly stricken insane in the waiting-room of the Grand Central Station this afternoon, creating a panic by screaming, "Take me home. Take me home. I am mad!"

The policemen on duty in the station blew their whistles for assistance, and summoned an ambulance from Bellevue Hospital. During the excitement in the station several women fainted.

When the woman was taken to Bellevue she was unable to say anything about herself. The doctors said her mind seemed to be a total wreck. He believed the attack was due to the heat.

Have Trouble with Your Food?

Try
Grape-Nuts
Perfectly Cooked.
Ready to Serve.
Delicious and Healthful.

"The ordinary breakfast cereal cooked a few minutes in a half-heated way will in time weaken the stomach of anything short of an ox. "Any preparation of wheat or oats put into water that is below the boiling point and cooked as mush is usually served remains a pasty, indigestible mass. The cells are tough and unopened. In addition the stomach of a person, necessarily constituted to do anything with the pasty mass. It is sent into the second stomach, the Duodenum, where, in consequence of the long time of the first process of digestion, it is fermented and soured. As an eminent medical man pertinently states, the stomachs of half the people going about the streets are about in the condition of an old vinegar barrel. "Intestinal dyspepsia is the direct consequence of such feeding."

Knowledge of these facts and a wide experience in the preparation and use of cereals brought out the product known as Grape-Nuts, manufactured with special reference to having the nitrogenous and starchy parts of the grains of which the food is composed cooked perfectly and scientifically at the factory, ready for immediate use, and therefore not subject to the manipulations of any cook, good or bad.

The starch of the grains, changed to grape-sugar, can be seen glistening on the little granules, and gives forth a delicate, sweetish taste very palatable.

Children and adults obtain fine results from the use of Grape-Nuts food. It is so perfectly adapted to the wants of the human body and so easily digested that many cases are on record of nursing babies being fed very successfully on it. "There's a Reason."

Made at the pure food factories of the Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in